ANATHEMA OF ZOS

THE SERMON TO THE HYPOCRITES

An Automatic Writing

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ANATHEMA OF ZOS: The Sermon to the Hypocrites

Hostile to self-torment, the vain excuses called devotion, Zos satisfied the habit by speaking loudly unto his Self. And at one time, returning to familiar consciousness, he was vexed to notice interested hearers-a rabble of involuntary mendicants, pariahs, whoremongers, adulterers, distended bellies, and the prevalent sick-grotesques that obtain in civilizations. His irritation was much, yet still they pestered him, saying: MASTER, WE WOULD LEARN OF THESE THINGS! TEACH US RELIGION!

And seeing, with chagrin, the hopeful multitude of Believers, he went down into the Valley of Styx, prejudiced against them as FOLLOWERS. And when he was ennui, he opened his mouth in derision, saying:

> *O, ye whose future is in other hands! This familiarity is permitted not of thy-but of my impotence. Know me as Zos the Goat-herd, savior of myself and of those things I have not yet regretted. Unbidden ye listened to my soliloquy. Endure then my Anathema.*
> *Foul feeders! Slipped, are ye, on your own excrement? Parasites! Having made the world lousy, imagine ye are of significance to Heaven?*
> ***Desiring** to learn-think ye to escape hurt in the rape of your ignorance? For of what I put in, far more than innocence shall come out! Laboring not the harvest of my weakness, shall I your moral-fed desires satisfy?*
> *I, who enjoy my body with un-weary tread, would rather pack with wolves than enter your pest-houses.*

Sensation . . Nutrition . . . Mastication . . . . Procreation . . . ! This is your blind-worm cycle. Ye have made a curiously bloody world for love in desire. Shall nothing change except through your accusing diet?

IN THAT YE ARE CANNIBALS, what meat should I offer? Having eaten of your dead selves savored with every filth, ye now raven to glutton of my mind's motion?

In your conflict ye have obtained . . . ? Ye who believe your procreation is ultimate are the sweepings of creation manifest, returning again to early simplicity to hunger, to become, and realize-ye are not yet. Ye have muddled time and ego. Think ye to curb the semen SENTIMENTALLY? Ye deny sexuality with tinsel ethics, live by slaughter, pray to greater idiots-that all things may be possible to ye WHO ARE IMPOSSIBLE. For ye desire saviors useless to pleasure.

Verily, far easier for madmen to enter Heaven than moral Lepers. Of what difference is Life or Death? Of what difference is dream or reality? Know ye nothing further than you own stench? Know ye what ye think ye know for certain? Fain would I be silent. Yet too tolerant is this Sun that cometh up to behold me, and my weakness comes of my dissatisfaction of you solicit . . . . but be ye damned before obtaining fresh excuses of me!

Cursed are the resurrectionists! Is there only body and soul?

Is there nothing beyond entity? No purchase beyond sense and desire of God than this blasting and devouring swarm ye are?

Oh, ye favored of your own excuses, guffaw between bites! Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe. Your curveless crookedness maketh ye fallow for a queer fatality!

What! I to aid your self-deception, ameliorate your decaying bodies, preserve your lamentable apotheosis of self?

The sword-thrust not salve-I bring!

Am I your swineherd, though I shepherd unto goats? My pleasure does not obtain among vermin with vain ideas-with hopes and fears of absurd significance. Not yet am I over-weary of myself. Not ye shall I palliate abomination, for in ye I behold your parents and the stigmata of foul feeding.

In this ribald intoxication of hypocrisy, this monument of swindlers' littlenesses, where is the mystic symposium, the hierarchy of necromancers that was?

Honest was Sodom! YOUR theology is a slime-pit of gibberish become ethics. In YOUR world, where ignorance and deceit constitute felicity, everything ends miserably-besmirched with fratricidal blood.

Seekers of salvation? Salvation of your sick digestion; crippled beliefs: Convalescent ***desires****. Your borrowed precepts and prayers-a stench unto all good nostrils!*

Unworthy of a soul-your metamorphosis is laborious of morbid rebirth to give habitance to the shabby sentiments, the ugly familiarities, the calligraphic pandemonium-a world of abundance acquired of greed. Thus are ye outcasts! Ye habitate dung-heaps; your glorious palaces are hospitals set amid cemeteries. Ye breathe gay-heartedly within this cess-pit? Ye obtain of half-desires, bent persuasions, of threats, of promises made hideous by vituperatious righteousness! Can you realize of Heaven when it exists WITHOUT?

Believing without associating ye are spurious and know not the way of virtue. There is no virtue in truth, nor truth in righteousness. Law becomes of desire's necessity. Corrupt is the teacher, for they who speak have only spent words to give.

Believe or blaspheme! *Do ye not speak from between your thighs?*

To believe or unbelieve is the question. Verily, if you believe of the least-ye needs must thrive all things. Ye are of all things, of all knowledge, and, be like, will you or stupidity to further self-misery!

Your wish? Your heaven? I say your ***desire*** *is women. Your potential desire a brothel. Ah, ye who fear suffering, who among ye has courage to assault the cloudy enemies of creeds, of the stomach's pious hopes?*

I blaspheme your commandments, to provoke and enjoy your bark, your teeth grinding!

Know ye what ye want? What ye ask? Know ye virtue from maniacal muttering?

Sin from folly? ***Desiring*** *a teacher, who among ye are worthy to learn?*

Brutally shall I teach the gospel of soul-suicide, of contraception, not preservation and procreation.

Fools! Ye have made vital the belief the Ego is eternal,, fulfilling a purpose not lost to you.

All things become of desire; the legs to the fish; the wings to the reptile.

Thus was your soul begotten.

Hear, O vermin!

MAN HAS WILLED MAN!

Your desires shall become flesh, your dreams reality and no fear shall alter it one whit.

Hence do I travel ye into the incarnating abortions-the aberrations, the horrors without sex, for ye are worthless to offer Heaven new sexuality's.
Once in this world I enjoyed laughter-when I remembered the value I gave the contemptible; the significance of my selfish fears; the absurd vanity of my hopes; the sorry righteousness called I.
And YOU?
Certainly not befitting are tears of blood, nor laughter of gods.
Ye do not even look like MEN but the strange spawn of some forgotten ridicule.
Lost among the illusions begot of duality-are these the differentiation's ye make for future entity to ride your bestial self? Millions of times have ye had re-birth and many more times will ye again SUFFER existence.
Ye are of things distressed, living down the truths ye made. Loosing only from my overflow, perchance I teach ye to learn of yourselves? In my becoming shall the hungry satisfy of my good and evil? I strive me neither, and confide subsequent to the event.
Know my purpose: To be a stranger unto myself, the enemy of truth.
*Uncertain of what ye believe, belike ye half-**desire**? But believe ye this, serving your dialectics:*
Subscribing only to self-love, the outcroppings of my hatred now speak.
Further, to ventilate my own health, I scoff at your puerile dignitaries' absurd moral clothes and ovine faith in a fortuitous and gluttonous future!
Dogs, devouring your own vomit! Cursed are ye all! Throwbacks, adulterers, sycophants, corpse devourers, pilferers and medicine swallowers! Think ye Heaven is an infirmary?

Ye know not pleasure. In your sleep lusts, feeble violence and sickly morale, ye are more contemptible than the beasts ye feed for food.
I detest your Mammon. Disease partakes of your wealth. Having acquired, ye know not how to spend.

YE ARE GOOD MURDERERS ONLY.

Empty of cosmos are they who hunger after righteousness. Already are the merciful spent. Extinct are the pure in heart. Governed are the meek and of Heaven earn similar disgust. Your society is a veneered barbarity. Ye are precocious primitives. Where is your success other than through hatred? There is no good understanding in your world-this bloody transition by procreation and butchery.
Of necessity ye hate, and love your neighbor by devouring.
The prophets are nauseating and should be persecuted. Objects of ridicule, their deeds cannot live through their tenets. Actions are the criterion, then how can ye speak other than lies?
Love is cursed. Your desire is your God and execration. Ye shall be judged or your appetite.
Around me I see your configuration-again a swine from the herd. A repulsive object of charity! The curse is pronounce; for ye are slime and sweat-born, homicidally reared. And again shall your fathers call to the help of women. Ye vainly labor at a rotten Kingdom of Good and Evil. I say that Heaven is catholic-and none shall enter with susceptibility of either.
Cursed are ye who shall be persecuted for MY sake. For I say I am CONVENTION entire, excessively evil, perverted and nowhere good-for ye. Whosoever would be with me is neither much of me nor of himself enough.

Zos tired, but loathing his hearers too much, he again reviled them saying:

Worm-ridden jackals! Still would ye feast on my vomit? Whosoever follows me becomes his own enemy; for in that day my exigency shall be his ruin. Go labor! Fulfill the disgust of becoming yourself, of discovering your beliefs, and thus acquire virtue. Let your good be accidental; thus escape gratitude and it sorry vainglory, for the wrath of Heaven is heavy on easy self-indulgence.

In your desire to create a world, do unto others as you would-when sufficiently courageous.

To cast aside, not save, I come. Inexorably towards myself; to smash the law, to make havoc of the charlatans, the quacks, the swankers and brawling salvationists with their word-tawdry phantasmagoria; to disillusion and awaken every fear of your natural, rapacious selves.

Living the most contemptible and generating everything beastly, are ye so vain of your excuse to expect other than the worst of your imagining? Honesty is unvoiced! And I warn you to make holocaust of your saints, your excuses: these flatulent bellowing of your ignorance. Only then could I assure your lurking desire-easy remission of your bowdlerized sins. Criminals of folly? Ye but sin against self.

There is no sin for those of Heaven's delight. I would ye resist not nor exploit your evil: such is of fear, and somnambulism is born of hypocrisy. In pleasure Heaven shall break every law before this Earth shall pass away. Thus if I possessed, my goodness towards ye would be volcanic.

He who is lawless is free. Necessity and time are conventional phenomena.

Without hypocrisy or fear ye could do as ye wish. Whosoever, therefore, shall break the precept or live its transgression shall have relativity of Heaven. For unless your righteousness exist not, ye shall not pleasure freely and creatively. In so much as ye sin against doctrine, so shall your imagination be required in becoming.

It has been said without wit: "Thou shalt not kill." Among beasts man lives supremely-on his own kind. Teeth and claws are no longer sufficient accessory to appetite. Is this world's worst reality more vicious than human behavior?

I suggest to your inbred love of moral gesture to unravel the actual from the dream.

Rejoice ye! The law-makers shall have the ugly destiny of becoming subject. Whatsoever is ordained is superseded-to make equilibrium of this consciousness rapport with hypocrisy.

Could ye be arbitrary? Belief foreshadows its inversion. Overrun with forgotten desires and struggling truths, ye are their victim in the dying and begetting law.

The way of Heaven is a purpose-anterior to and not induced by thought. ***Desire****, other than by the act, shall in no wise obtain: Therefore believe SYMBOLICALLY or with caution.*

Between men and women having that ***desire*** *there is no adultery. Spend the large lust and when ye are satiated ye shall pass on to something fresh. In this polite day it has become cleaner to fornicate by the wish than to enact. Offend not your body nor be so stupid as to let your body offend ye. How shall it serve ye to reproach your duality? Let your oath be in earnest; though better to communicate by the living act than by the word.*

This God-this cockatrice-is a projection of your imbecile apprehensions, your bald grossness and madhouse vanities. Your love is born of fear; but far better to hate than further deception.
I would make your way difficult. Give and take of all men indiscriminately.
I know your love and hate. Inquire of red diet. Within your stomach is civil war.
Only in Self-love is procreative will.
What now! Shall I attempt wisdom by words? Alphabetic truths with legerdemain grammar? There is no spoken truth that is not PAST-more wisely forgotten.
Shall I scrawl slippery paradox with mad calligraphy? Words, mere words! I exist in a wordless world, without yesterday nor to-morrow-beyond becoming.
All conceivableness procures of time and space. Hence I spit on your tatterdemalion ethics, moldering proverbs, priestly inarticulations and delirious pulpit jargon. This alone I give ye as safe commandments in your pestilent schisms.

Better is it to go without than to borrow.
Finer far to take than beg.
From Puberty till Death realize "Self" in all.
There is no greater virtue than good nourishment.
Feed from the udder, and if the milk be Sour, feed on . . .
Human nature is the worst possible!
Once I lived among ye. From self-decency now I habitate the waste places, a willing outcast; associate of goats, cleaner far, more honest than men.

Within this heterogenousness of difference, reality is hard to realize; evacuation is difficult.

These spiritualists are living sepulchers. What has decayed should perish decently.

Cursed are they who supplicate. Gods are with ye yet. Therefore let ye who pray acquire this manner:

Self my God, foreign is thy name except in blasphemy, for I am thy iconoclast. I cast thy bread upon the waters, for I myself am meat enough. Hidden in the labyrinth of the Alphabet is my sacred name, the SIGIL of all things unknown. On Earth my kingdom is Eternity of DESIRE. My wish incarnates in the belief and becomes flesh, for, I AM THE LIVING TRUTH. Heaven is ecstasy; my consciousness changing and acquiring association. May I have courage to take from my own superabundance. Let me forget righteousness. Free me of morals. Lead me into temptation of myself, for I am a tottering kingdom of good and evil. May worth be acquired through those things I have pleasured. May my trespass be worthy. Give me the death of my soul. Intoxicate me with self-love. Teach me to sustain its freedom; for I am sufficiently Hell. Let me sin against the small beliefs. AMEN.

Concluding his conjunction, Zos said:

Again, O sleep-walkers, beggars and sufferers, born of the stomach; unlucky men to whom happiness is necessary!

Ye are insufficient to live alone, not yet mature enough to sin against the law and still desire women.

Other than damnation I know no magic to satisfy your wishes; for ye believe one thing, desire another, speak unlike, act differently and obtain the living value.

Assuredly inclination towards new faculties springs from this bastardy!

Social only to the truths convenient to your courage, yet again beasts shall be planted.

Shall I speak of that unique intensity without form? Know ye the ecstasy within? The pleasure between ego and self?

At that time of ecstasy there is no thought of others; there is NO THOUGHT.

Thither I go and none may lead.

Sans women-your love is anathema!

For me, there is no way but my way. Therefore, go ye your way-none shall lead ye to walk towards yourselves. Let your pleasures be as sunsets, HONEST . . BLOODY . . . GROTESQUE!

Was the original purpose the thorough enjoyment of multitudinous self, for ecstasy? These infinite ramifications of consciousness in entity, associating by mouth, sex, and sense!

Has the besetting of sex become utter wretchedness-repetition made necessary of your scotomy?

bloody-mouthed! Shall I again entertain ye with a little understanding? An introspection of cannibalism in the shambles of diet-the variating murder against the ancestral? Is there no food beyond corpse?

Your murder and hypocrisy must pass before ye are uplifted to a world where slaughter is unknown.

Thus, with a clean mouth, I say unto ye, I live by bread alone. Sleep is competent prayer. All morality is BEASTLY.

Alas, there has been a great failure. Man is dead. Only women remain.

With tongue in cheek I would say: "Follow me! That ye realize what is hidden in all suffering. I would make your self-mortification voluntary, your wincing courageous."

Still will ye be with me? Salutation to all suicides!

With a yawn Zos wearied and fell asleep. In time the stench awoke him-for he had slept amidst the troughs- and he observed that the crowd were no longer with him-that only SWINE remained. And he guffawed and spake thus:

Not yet have I lost relationship and am thereby nearly asphyxiated! Caught up am I in the toils of sentiment, the moral hallucinations within the ebb and flow of hopes and fears?

Shall age alone transmute ***desire****? Not yet have I disentangled illusion from reality: for I know not men from swine, dreams from reality; or whether I did speak only unto myself. Neither know I to whom my anathema would be the more impressionable . . . .*

My insensible soliloquy is eaten as revelation! What I spake with hard strived conceit to increase enterprise brings forth only swinish snorts. Water is not alone in finding its level.

I have not me tragedy, no, not in this life! Yet, whether I have spewed their doctrines upon the tables of the Law or into the troughs, at least I have not cast away the flesh of dreams.

And turning towards his light, Zos said:

This my will, O Thou Glorious Sun. I am weary of my snakes descending-making slush.

Farewell antithesis. I have suffered. All is paid.

Let me go forth to recreate my sleep.

Here Ends this Book

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